Nur. Now God in heauen bleſſe thee, harke you ſir.
Ro. What ſaiſt thou my deare Nurſe?
Nur. Is your man ſecret, did you nere here ſay, two may keep counſell putting one away.
Ro. Warrant thee my mans as true as ſteele.
Nur. Well ſir, my Miſtreſſe is the ſweeteſt Lady, Lord, Lord, when twas a litle prating thing. O there is a Noble man in town one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife aboord: but ſhe good ſoule had as leeue ſee a tode, a very tode as ſee him: I anger her ſometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man, but ile warrant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhe lookes as pale as any clout in the verſall world, doth not Roſemarie and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?
Ro. I Nurſe, what of that? Both with an *R*.
Nur. A mocker thats the dog, name *R.* is for the no, I know it begins with ſome other letter, and ſhe hath the prettieſt ſententious of it, of you and Roſemarie, that it would do you good to heare it.
Ro. Commend me to thy Lady.
Nur. Ia thouſand times *Peter*.
Pet. Anon.
Nur. Before and apace. *Exit.*

II.v. *Enter* Iuliet.

Iu. The clocke ſtrooke nine when I did ſend the Nurſe,
In halfe an houre ſhe promiſed to returne,
Perchance ſhe cannot meete him, thats not ſo:
Oh ſhe is lame, loues heraulds ſhould be thoughts,
Which ten times faſter glides then the Suns beames,
Driuing backe ſhadowes ouer lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble piniond doues draw loue,
And therefore hath the wind ſwift *Cupid* wings:
Now is the Sun vpon the highmoſt hill,
Of this dayes iourney, and from nine till twelue,
Is there long houres, yet ſhe is not come,
Had ſhe affections and warme youthfull bloud, She

She would be as ſwift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandie her to my ſweete loue.
M. And his to me, but old folks, many fain as they we
Vnwieldie, ſlowe, heauie, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurſe.

O God ſhe comes, ô hony Nurſe what newes?
Haſt thou met with him? ſend thy man away.
Nur. Peter ſtay at the gate.
Iu. Now good ſweete *Nurſe*, O Lord, why lookeſt tho
Though newes be ſad, yet tell them merily.
If good, thou ſhameſt the muſicke of ſweete newes,
By playing it to me, with ſo ſower a face.
Nur. I am a wearie, giue me leaue a while,
Fie how my bones ake, what a iaunce haue I?
Iu. I would thou hadſt my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come I pray thee ſpeake, good good Nurſe ſpeake.
Nur. Ieſu what haſte, can you not ſtay a while?
Do you not ſee that I am out of breath?
Iu. How art thou out of breath, when thou haſt breath
To ſay to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuſe that thou doeſt make in this delay,
Is longer then the tale thou doeſt excuſe.
Is thy newes good or bad? anſwere to that,
Say either, and ile ſtay the circumſtance:
Let me be ſatisfied, iſt good or bad?
Nur. Well, you haue made a ſimple choyſe, you kno
how to chuſe a man: *Romeo*, no not he though his face b
ter then any mans, yet his leg excels all mens, and for a
and a foote and a body, though they be not to be talkt on
they are paſt compare: he is not the flower of curteſie,
warrant him, as gentle as a lamme: go thy wayes wench,
God. What haue you dinde at home?
Iu. No, no. But all this did I know before.
What ſayes he of our marriage, what of that?
Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I?
It beates as it would fall in twentie peeces.